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3  
Shakspeare's

O T H E L L O,

THE MOOR OF VENICE,

A TRAGEDY,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Covent Garden.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1804.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>The Duke of Venice,</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. WADDY.
BRABANTIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. HULL.
GRATIANO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. DAVENPORT.
LODOVICO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. CORY.
MONTANO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.
OTHELLO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
CASSIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
IAGO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. COOKE.
RODERIGO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. FARLEY.
ANTONIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. KLANERT.
JULIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. CURTIES.
MARCO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. SARJANT.
PAULO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. FIELD.
GIOVANNI,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. L. BOLOGNA.
LUCA,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. LEE.
<i>Messenger,</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. ATKINS.
<i>Sailor,</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. ABBOT.
LEONARDO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. MENAGE.
DESDEMONA,	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs. SIDDONS.
EMILIA,	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs. LITCHFIELD.

*Gentlemen,—Officers,—Servants.*

SCENE, *in the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, in the island of Cyprus.*

OTTIETTO

THE BOOK OF THE

ERRATUM.

Page 10, line 24, for circumspection, read, circumscription.

OTHELLO,  
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Venice.*

*A Street.*

*Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* TUSH, ne'er tell me, I take it much unkindly,  
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy  
hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion, nonsuits  
My mediators; *for, certes,* says he,  
*I have already chosen my officer.*  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow

That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster :—

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, (heaven bless the mark !) his Moor-ship's  
ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his  
hangman.

*Iago.* Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affin'd  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you ;  
I follow him, to serve my turn upon him :  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :  
For when my outward action does demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For doves to peck at : I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry it thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight ;  
'Though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

*Iago.* Awake ! what ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !  
thieves ! thieves !—

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !—  
Thieves ! thieves !



*Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* Sir, you are robb'd:—For shame, arise,  
arise!—

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:—  
Arise, I say!—

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: What are you?

*Rod.* My name is—Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet:—

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit, and my place, have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Ve-  
nice;

My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve  
Heaven, if the devil bid you.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that come to tell you, your  
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with  
two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Give me a taper;—call up all my people;—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already:—

Light! I say, light!

[*Exit BRABANTIO.*

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)

Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,

(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign.—That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittar the raised search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit IAGO.*

*Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time,

Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—

With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 't was she?—O, thou deceiv'st  
me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more  
tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason  
of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence, trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—

[*Exit a Servant.*]

O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him; if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Event* RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, and Servants.]

## SCENE II.

*Venice.*

*Another Street.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, and IAGO.

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerck'd him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'T is better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir;  
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—  
That the magnifico is much belov'd;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumspection and confine  
For the sea's worth.—But, look! what lights come  
yonder?

*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends:  
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I: I must be found;  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly.—Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think, no.

*Enter Servants with torches, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, and  
LUCA.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;

And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you ?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :  
You have been hotly call'd for ;  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate sent about three several quests,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'T is well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you.

[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here ?

*Iago.* ' Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-  
carack ;

If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He 's married.

*Cas.* To whom ?

*Enter* OTHELLO.]

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio :—General, be advis'd ;  
He comes to bad intent.

*Oth.* Holla ! stand there !

*Enter* RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, *Officers, and Servants*  
*with torches.*

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*]

*Iago.* You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will  
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd  
my daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :  
 For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
 If she in chains of magick were not bound,  
 Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,  
 So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—  
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
 Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to delight.  
 I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,  
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—  
 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,  
 Subdue him at his peril.

*[They advance on both sides.]*

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest :—  
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
 Without a prompter—Where will you that I go  
 And answer this your charge ?

*Bra.* To prison : till fit time  
 Of law, and course of direct session,  
 Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What, if I do obey ?  
 How may the duke be therewith satisfy'd ;  
 Whose messengers are here about my side,  
 Upon some present business of the state,  
 To bring me to him ?

*Cas.* 'T is true, most worthy signior,  
 The duke's in council ; and your noble self,  
 I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How ! the duke in council !  
 In this time of the night !—Bring him away :  
 Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,  
 Or any of my brothers of the state,  
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their own ;  
 For, if such actions may have passage free,  
 Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*Venice.**A Council-chamber.*

*The Duke, GRATIANO, LODOVICO, seven other Senators,  
and MARCO, in waiting, discovered.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*Gra.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Lod.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
Yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgement.

*Enter PAULO, and a Sailor.*

*Paul.* A messenger from the gallies.

*Duke.* Now? the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*Lod.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze.

*Paul.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.

[*Gives letters to MARCO, who delivers them to the  
Duke.*

*Lod.* How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,

With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'T is certain then for Cyprus.

*Lod.* Here comes Brabantio,—and the valiant Moor.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO,  
RODERIGO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA.

[*Exeunt* Sailor and Messenger.]

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general  
care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Duke.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Sans witchcraft could not—

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.—

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.



*Duke.* We are very sorry for't.—  
What in your own part, can you say to this?

[To OTHELLO.

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, great, and reverend signiors, *grave*  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have marry'd her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feat of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious  
patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,  
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withal,)  
I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess—perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature:—  
I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof.

Othello, speak;—

Did you, by indirect and forced courses,

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittar,—  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
place:—

[*Exeunt* IAGO, RODERIGO, LUCA, and GIOVANNI.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And with it all my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hent to speak,—such was my process,—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—This to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intentively : I did consent ;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
 She swore,—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
 strange ;  
 'T was pitiful, 't was wond'rous pitiful :  
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd  
 me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;—  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter  
 too.—

Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak ;  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction light on me, if my bad blame  
 Light on the man !—

*Enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO,  
 and LUCA.*

Come hither, gentle mistress ;—

Do you perceive, in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty ;  
To you, I am bound for life, and education ;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter : But here 's my husband ;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* Heaven be with you !—I have done :—  
Come hither, Mocr ;  
I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—  
I have done :—Proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the  
place is best known to you : you must therefore be  
content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with  
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driv'n bed of down : I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness ; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;  
Due reverence of place and exhibition ;  
With such accommodation and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* Be 't at her father's.

*Bra.* I 'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I ; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye.—Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear :  
 And let me find a charter in your voice  
 To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
 May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd  
 Even to the very quality of my lord:  
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
 And to his honours and his valiant parts  
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:  
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
 And I a heavy interim shall support  
 By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords:—' beseech you, let her will  
 Have a free way.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
 Either for stay, or going: the affairs cry—haste!  
 And speed must answer; you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord!

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At ten i' the morning here we'll meet again.  
 Othello, leave some officer behind,  
 And he shall our commission bring to you;  
 And such things else of quality and respect,  
 As doth concern you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient;  
 A man he is of honesty and trust;  
 'To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
 With what else needful your good grace shall think  
 To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
 Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,  
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[*Exeunt the Duke, 'LODOVICO', the other Senators,  
 MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA.*]

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see; She has deceiv'd her father, may do thee.

[*Exeunt BRABANTIO and GRATIANO.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee: I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her; And bring her after in the best advantage.— Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour Of love, of worldly matters and direction, To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and CASSIO.*]

*Rod.* Iago,—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, think'st thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years: and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I'd drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I'd change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies! I profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, —put money in thy purse!—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse! —If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring

Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make money. A plague of drowning! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell.—Do you hear, Rodrigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning,—do you hear?

*Rod.* I am chang'd:—I'll go sell all my land.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;  
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now:  
To get his place, and to plume up my will;  
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,  
That he is too familiar with his wife:—  
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false:—

The Moor, a free and open nature too,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are :—

I have 't;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

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A C T II.

SCENE I.

*Cyprus.*

*A Platform before the Town.*

*Enter MONTANO, CASSIO, and JULIO.*

*Cass.* THANKS to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor : O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

*Mont.* Is he well shipp'd ?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[*Cannon fired.*]

(*Without.*) A sail ! a sail ! a sail !

*Cas.* What noise ?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail !

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

*Jul.* I shall.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and JULIO.*]

*Mont.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?



*Cas.* Most fortunately : he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragons description, and wild fame ;  
One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And, in the essential vesture of creation,  
Does bear all excellency.

*Enter JULIO, and ANTONIO.*

Now, who has put in ?

*Jul.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed :  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their common natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mont.* What is she ?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-  
tain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.—  
O behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore !—

*Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, EMILIA,  
MARCO, and PAULO.*

Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round !

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd ;—nor know I aught,  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear,—How lost you company ?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship :—

[*Cannon fired.*]

(*Without.*) A sail ! a sail !

*Cas.* But hark ! a sail :—See for the news.—

[*Exit ANTONIO.*

Good ancient, you are welcome :—Welcome, mis-  
tress.— [To EMILIA, kissing her.  
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners: 't is my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* I know, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the  
harbour?

*Cas.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—  
Come, what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving  
woman indeed; one that, in the authority of her  
merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice  
itself?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze,  
It plucks out brain and all: But my muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd,—

She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
 Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
 Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I may!*  
 She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
 See suitors following, and not look behind;  
 She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[*CASSIO takes DESDEMONA by the hand, to introduce her to the Gentlemen of Cyprus: he talks with her during IAGO's speech.*]

*Iago.* (*Aside.*) He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper:—As little a web as this, will ensnare as great a fly as Cassio:—Ay, smile upon her, do:—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship:—You say true; 'tis so, indeed:—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft.—

[*Cannon fired.—Trumpet sounds.*]

The Moor:—I know his trumpet.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Enter OTHELLO, LUCA, GIOVANNI, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
 To see you here before me.—O my soul's joy!—  
 If after every tempest come such calms,  
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
 Olympus-high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
And this, and this, the greatest discord be

[*Embracing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* (*Aside.*) O, you are well tun'd now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this musick,  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let's to the castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.—

How do our old acquaintance of the isle?—  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;  
I've found great love amongst them. O my sweet,—  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus!

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and RODERIGO.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—  
Come hither:—list me.—The lieutenant to-night  
watches on the court of guard:—First, I will tell thee  
this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him!—why, 't is not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first  
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her  
fantastical lies: And will she love him still for pra-  
ting? Let not thy discreet heart think it: Her eye

must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil?

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

*Iago.* Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.—Sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice: Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well,—

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, may strike at you:—Provoke him that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably remov'd, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona  
 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too ;  
 Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,  
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,)  
 But partly led to diet my revenge,  
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
 Hath leap'd into my seat : the thought whereof  
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;  
 And nothing can nor shall content my soul,  
 Till I am even with him, wife for wife :  
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
 At least into a jealousy so strong  
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,—  
 If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trash  
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;  
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—  
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,—  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
 For making him egregiously an ass,  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,  
 Even to madness.—'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;  
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*Cyprus.*

*The Guard-house before the Castle.*

*Enter MARCO, PAULO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, GIOVANNI,  
 and LUCA.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night ;  
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
 Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do ;  
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
 Will I look to 't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.—  
 Michael, good night :—To-morrow, with your earliest,

Let me have speech with you :—  
Good night.

[*Exeunt all but CASSIO.*

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant ; it is not yet ten o'clock : Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, 'tis an alarum to love.

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets !—Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends ;—but one cup : I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too ; and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they ?

*Iago.* Here ;—I pray you call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't ; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,  
     Roderigo,  
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,  
 To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd  
 Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:  
 Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,  
 That hold their honour in a wary distance,  
 The very elements of this warlike isle,—  
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
     drunkards,  
 I am to put our Cassio in some action  
 That may offend the isle:—But here they come:  
 If consequence do but approve my dream,  
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, JULIO, ANTONIO, and  
     LEONARDO, with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse  
 already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,  
 As I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] *And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
     And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they  
 are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German,  
 and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are  
 nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your  
 Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your  
 Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the  
 next pottle can be fill'd.



*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mont.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

[Sings.] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the taylor—low'n.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be sav'd, and there be souls must not be sav'd.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be sav'd.

*Iago.* And so do I, too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be sav'd before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's lock to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Very well then: you must not think that I am drunk.

[*Exeunt* CASSIO, ANTONIO, JULIO, and LEONARDO.]

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before;—  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mont.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

*Mont.* It were well,

The general were put in mind of it :  
 Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature  
 Prizes the virtues that appear in Cassio,  
 And looks not on his evils :—Is not this true ?—

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo !  
 I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

*Mont.* And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor  
 Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
 With one of an ingraft infirmity :  
 It were an honest action, to say so  
 To the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island :  
 I do love Cassio well ; and would do much  
 To cure him of this evil.

*Rod.* (*Without.*) Help ! help !—

*Iago.* But, hark ! what noise ?

*Enter* CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO,—ANTONIO and  
 JULIO *following them.*

*Cas.* You rogue ! you rascal !

*Mont.* What's the matter, lieutenant ?

[*Stops* CASSIO.

*Cas.* A knave !—teach me my duty !  
 I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me !

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*Struggling to reach* RODERIGO.

*Mont.* Nay, good lieutenant ;

[*Staying him.*

'Pray, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mont.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk !

[*Strikes* MONTANO.

[*They draw, and fight.*

*Iago.* Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to* RODERIGO, *who runs out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—  
 Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—  
[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!  
 The town will rise:—Heaven's will, lieutenant! hold;  
 You will be sham'd for ever.

[MONTANO is wounded,—ANTONIO and JULIO  
 support him.

*Enter* OTHELLO, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, LUCA,  
 and Servants with torches.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.—

Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?  
 Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,  
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
 For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!  
 He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,  
 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

[Bell rings.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle  
 From her propriety.—

[Exit MARCO, and returns.

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
 Speak, who began this?—on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know;—friends all but now, even  
 now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
 Divesting them for bed: and then, but now  
 (As if some planet had unwitted men,)  
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
 Any beginning to this pceevish odds;  
 And 'would in action glorious I had lost  
 These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
 The gravity and stillness of your youth  
 The world hath noted, and your name is great  
 In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

*Mont.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgement collied,  
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke.—Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me:—What! and in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,  
To manage private and domestick quarrel!—  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!—  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't?

*Mont.* If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;  
And Cassio following with determin'd sword,  
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest, by his clamour,—as it so fell out,—  
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
 Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather  
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
 And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,  
 I ne'er might say before: When I came back,  
 (For this was brief,) I found them close together,  
 At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,  
 When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
 Yet, surely, Cassio,—I believe,—receiv'd  
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,  
 Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
 Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;  
 But never more be officer of mine.—  
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—  
 Lead him off.—

[*MONTANO is led off by JULIO and ANTONIO.*  
*Iago, look with care about the town;*  
*And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.*

[*Exeunt all but CASSIO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have  
 lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir,  
 of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputa-  
 tion, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
 receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in  
 that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and  
 most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost  
 without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all,  
 unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man!

there are ways to recover the general again : sue to him, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

*Cas.* It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is un-blest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—confess yourself freely to her; importune her, she'll help to put you

in your place : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so bless'd a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago.

[*Exit* CASSIO.]

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain,—

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,  
 Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course  
 To win the Moor again ?—  
 How am I then a villain,  
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
 Directly to his good ?—Divinity of hell !  
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now : For, while this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
 That she repeals him for her body's lust ;  
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;  
 And out of her own goodness make the net  
 That shall enmesh them all.—

*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo ?

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly

well cudgel'd; I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, as that comes to, and no money at all; and, with that wit, return to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience!—  
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?  
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witch-  
craft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:  
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 't is morning;  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—  
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:  
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:—  
Nay, get thee gone.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I'll set her on:—

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT II.

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## A C T III.

### SCENE I.

*Cyprus.*

*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* CASSIO, DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.

*Des.* BE thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.



*Emil.* Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband,  
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir, I thank you : You do love my lord ;  
You've known him long : and be you well assur'd,  
He shall in strangeness stand no further off,  
Than in a politick distance.

*Cas.* Ay,—but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place : Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit : Therefore, be merry, Cassio ;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO.*

*Des.* Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

*Iago.* Ha ! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say ?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord ? No, sure ; I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe, 't was he.

*Des.* How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean ?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take ;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
I have no judgement in an honest face :—  
I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now ?

*Des.* Ay, sooth ; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his griefs with me ;  
I suffer with him :—Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly ?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then ?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home :  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday  
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn :—

I pr'ythee, name the time ; but let it not  
Exceed three days :—In faith, he 's penitent :—  
When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello.—I wonder, in my soul,  
What you could ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering on.—What ! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do

To bring him in !—Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* 'Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon ;

'Tis, as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;  
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing :

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come :—Be 't as your fancies teach you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt* EMILIA, and DESDEMONA.]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last :—Why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed !

*Oth.* Indeed?—Indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest?—ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!—

By heaven, he echos me,

As if there were some monster in his thought,

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,—

When Cassio left my wife:—What didst not like?—

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed!*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know, I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost;

And—for I know, thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They're close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn,—I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be that they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think, Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminatè ; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me ;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.—  
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and  
false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
(Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,—  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,)—I entreat you then,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
You 'ld take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance :—  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean ?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my  
lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of our souls :  
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something,  
nothing ;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thou-  
sands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;  
Nor shall not, while 't is in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !—

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;

It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make  
 The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,  
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

*Oth.* O misery !

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;  
 But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—  
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
 From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why ? why is this ?—

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
 To follow still the changes of the moon  
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,  
 Is—once to be resolv'd.—

'T is not to make me jealous,  
 To say,—my wife is fair, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;  
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :  
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;  
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason  
 To show the love and duty that I bear you,  
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I'm bound,  
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof :—  
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure :—  
 I would not have your free and noble nature,  
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't ;  
 I know our country disposition well ;  
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best con-  
 science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then ;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought 't was witchcraft :—But I am much to  
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love :—But, I do see, you are mov'd :—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at : Cassio's my trusty  
friend,—

My lord, I see you 're mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ! and long live you to think  
so !

*Oth.* And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point : As,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :—  
Fie ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,

Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,  
 May fall to match you with her country forms,  
 And (happily) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :—

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :—  
 Set on thy wife to observe :—Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave.

[*Exit IAGO.*

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
 doubtless,  
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* My lord,—I would, I might entreat your  
 honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :  
 Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
 (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)  
 Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,  
 You shall by that perceive him and his means :  
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
 With any strong or vehement importunity ;  
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)  
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave.

[*Exit IAGO.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
 Of human dealings.—If I do prove her haggard,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
 To prey at fortune.—Haply, for I am black ;—  
 And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 That chamberers have ;—Or, for I am declin'd  
 Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :—  
 She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief  
 Must be—to loathe her.—O curse of marriage,



That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
 For others' uses.—

Desdemona comes :—

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
 I'll not believe it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not  
 well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Why, that's with watching; 't will away  
 again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
 It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*  
 Let it alone.—Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA, and OTHELLO.*

*Emil.* I am glad, I have found this napkin;  
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
 (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)  
 That she reserves it evermore about her,  
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
 And give it Iago:  
 What he will do with 't, heaven knows, not I;  
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* You have a thing for me?—it is a common thing,—

*Emil.* Ha?

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench ; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you've been  
so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [Snatching it.

*Emil.* If't be not for some purpose of import,  
Give 't me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known on 't ; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.—  
The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—  
Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me? to me?—

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou'st set me on the rack:—

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?  
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue, O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner,—and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

*Iago.* Is it possible?—My lord,—

*Oth.* (*Seizing him.*) Villain, be sure thou prove my  
love a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see 't; or, (at the least,) so prove  
it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—

Heaven be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched  
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,

I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

[*Going.*]

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;

I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt not;

I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black

As mine own face.—

'Would I were satisfy'd!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;

I do repent me, that I put it to you.—

You would be satisfy'd?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: But, how? how satisfy'd, my  
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?

Behold her—

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

To bring them to that prospect : Damn them then,  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
 More than their own ! What then ? how then ?  
 What shall I say ? Where 's satisfaction ?  
 It is impossible, you should see this,  
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—  
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,—  
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
 I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;  
 One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !*

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;  
 Cry,—*O, sweet creature !*—and then kiss me hard,  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips :

And then

Cry,—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor !*

*Oth.* O monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

*Iago.* 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a  
 dream :—

And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
 That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;  
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If 't be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!—  
Now do I see, 't is time.—Look here, Iago:  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:  
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!—  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate!—Swell, bosom, with thy fraught;  
For 't is of aspicks' tongues!

*Iago.* 'Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may  
change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago:—

[*He kneels.*]

By yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.—

[*IAGO kneels.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,—  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness,—that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service!—Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work so'er.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead;  
'T is done, as you request: But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx!—O, damn her!—  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil.—Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Cyprus.*

*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me,

And, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was  
born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio be  
Call'd to him.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

—How is it with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady:—(*Aside.*) O, hardness  
to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand:—This hand is moist, my  
lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.—  
Hot, hot, and moist:—This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
 Much castigation, exercise devout ;  
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
 That commonly rebels.—'T is a good hand,  
 A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so ;  
 For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand : The hands, of old, gave  
 hearts ;  
 But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your pro-  
 mise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck ?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me :  
 Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not ?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault : That handkerchief  
 Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;  
 She was a charmer, and could almost read  
 The thoughts of people : she told her, while she  
 kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father  
 Entirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,  
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
 Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt  
 After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;  
 And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,  
 To give it her :—I did so :—and take heed on 't,  
 Make it a darling like your precious eye ;  
 To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,  
 As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is it possible ?

*Oth.* 'T is true ; there's magick in the web of it :  
 A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
 The sun to make two hundred compasses,



In her prophetick fury sew'd the work :  
 'The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk ;  
 And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful  
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed ! is it true ?

*Oth.* Most veritable : therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then 'would to heaven, that I had never  
 seen it !

*Oth.* Ha ! wherefore ?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

*Oth.* Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the  
 way ?

*Des.* Heaven bless us !

*Oth.* Say you ?

*Des.* It is not lost : But what, an if it were ?

*Oth.* Ha !—

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see it.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now :—

This is a trick to put me from my suit :—

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief :—my mind mis-  
 gives.

*Des.* Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;

Shar'd dangers with you ;—

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away !

[Exit OTHELLO.]

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous ?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.—

Look you ? Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter IAGO, and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:—  
And, lo, the happiness!—go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news  
with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit.

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.  
You must awhile be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,—  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother,—and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him:—  
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

[*Exit IAGO.*]

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state  
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object.

Nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.

*Emil.* 'Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you  
think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so:  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they're jealous: 't is a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

*Emil.* Lady, amen !

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CASSIO.]

END OF ACT III.

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A C T IV.

SCENE I.

*Cyprus.*

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, and IAGO.

*Oth.* GET me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her ; lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

*Iago.* And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker : You shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good.—

[*A trumpet without.*]

What trumpet is that same ?—

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke : and see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, and DESDEMONA.

*Lod.* ' Save you, worthy general !

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Reads the letter.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior :

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that ?

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* (*Reads.*) *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

*Lod.* He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.—

Is there division 'tween thy lord and Cassio ?

*Des.* A most unhappy one : I would do much  
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone !—

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Are you wise ?

*Des.* What, is he angry ?

*Lod.* ' May be, the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed ?

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello ?

*Oth.* Devil !

[*Striking her.*

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw 't : 'T is very much ;  
Make her amends ; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil !—

If that the earth could teem with women's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—  
Out of my sight !

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady;—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would make her  
turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient,—as you say, obedient,—  
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears?—  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—  
I am commanded here,—Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaunt!—  
Cassio shall have my place:—And, sir, to-night,  
I do entreat that we may sup together.  
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-  
kies!

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, and DESDEMONA.*

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate  
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I  
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas! alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech : Do but go after,  
 And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Cyprus.*

*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

*Enter EMILIA, and OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then ?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard  
 Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way ?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloves, nor  
 nothing ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
 Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,  
 Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.  
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !  
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
 There's no man happy ; the purest of her sex  
 Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither ;—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough—Yet she's a simple bawd,  
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
 A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :  
 And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I've seen her do't.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* My lord, what is your will ?

*Oth.* ' Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure ?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes :—

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this ?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress,  
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;  
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :  
Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit* EMILIA.

*Des.* Upon my knees, what does your speech im-  
port ?

I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou ?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord,—your true, and loyal  
wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself ;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee ; therefore be double-damn'd ;  
Swear—thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truely know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truely knows, that thou art false as  
hell.

*Des.* (*Rises.*) To whom, my lord ? With whom ?  
How am I false ?

*Oth.* O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?  
Am I the occasion of those tears, my lord ?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head ;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;

Given to captivity me, and my hopes ;  
 I should have found in some part of my soul  
 A drop of patience :—  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life ;  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !—  
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in !—Turn thy complexion there,  
 Patience,—thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,—  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell !

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken e'en with blowing. O thou weed,  
 Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
 That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou hadst  
 ne'er been born !

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
 Made to write whore upon ?—What committed !—  
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks  
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
 And will not hear it :—What committed !—  
 Impudent strumpet !

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are you not a strumpet ?

*Des.* No, as I am a christian.

*Oth.* What, not a whore ?

*Des.* No, as I shall be sav'd.

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then ;  
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
 That marry'd with Othello.—You, mistress,—  
 That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
 And keep the gate of hell,—

*Enter EMILIA.*

You, you,—ay, you,—  
 We've done our course ; there's money for your pains ;  
 I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

[*Exit OTHELLO.*



*Emil.* Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?  
How do you, my good lady?

Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With whom?

*Emil.* With my lord, madam?

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none:—Do not talk to me, Emilia:—  
'Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change indeed!

[Exit EMILIA.]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

*Enter IAGO, and EMILIA.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it  
with you?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep: Alas, the day!

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, all her friends,  
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

*Emil.* A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her, whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

The Moor's abus'd by some outrageous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—  
Oh, heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold ;  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world !

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon him ! Some such 'squire he was,  
That turn'd your wit the scamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool ; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again ?  
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form ;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me !—Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. [*They raise her.*

*Iago.* I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour ;  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 't were no other,—

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you.  
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.]

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keep'st from me all conveniency, than supply'st me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay; and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now; I see there's mettle in thee; and, even, from this time, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception;

but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

*Rod.* It hath not appear'd.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy'st not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial command come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean—removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune:—If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us.—Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall, be satisfy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Cyprus.**The Castle Gates.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,  
MARCO, *and* PAULO.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO, PAULO, *and* MARCO.

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith:—Dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

[*Exit* OTHELLO.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return immediately: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him!

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

END OF ACT IV.

## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*Cyprus.**A Street.**Enter IAGO, and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* HERE, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he  
come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;  
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :  
It makes us, or it mars us ; think of that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy  
sword. *[Retires a little.*

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed ;  
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons :—  
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.  
*[Stands aside.*

*Iago.* (*Advancing.*) Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain :—Live Roderigo ;—  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,  
As gifts to Desdemona ;  
It must not be :—If Cassio do remain ;—  
He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
That makes me ugly :—and, besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in peril :—  
No, he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.  
*[Stands aside.*

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 't is he :—Villain, thou diest.  
*[He runs, and thrusts at CASSIO, who draws.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou think'st:  
I will make proof of thine.

[*CASSIO wounds RODERIGO, who falls.*

*Rod.* O, I am slain!

[*IAGO advances, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg,  
and Exit.*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever.— [CASSIO falls.  
Help, ho!—murder! murder!—

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!  
murder!

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter IAGO in his night-gown, with a naked sword, and  
a light.*

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!  
Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant!—what villains have done  
this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O!  
O! O!

*Iago.* Kill men i'the dark!—Where be these  
bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

*Enter LODOVICO, and GRATIANO,*

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt by vil-  
lains.

*Gra.* Cassio?

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—

—Know we this face, or no?—

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure;—O heaven!—Roderigo.

*Enter EMILIA, with a light.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark, By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd; He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO, CASSIO, LODOVICO, and IAGO.*

## SCENE II.

*Cyprus.*

*A Bedchamber in the Castle.*

*DESDEMONA in bed, asleep.*

*Enter OTHELLO, with a light.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.—  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—  
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,



Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the  
 rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It must needs wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[Kisses DESDEMONA.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice herself to break her sword !—Once more.—  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after.—Once more, and this the last,—  
 She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there ? Othello ?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.—

*Des.* Will you come to-bed, my lord ?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :  
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
 No,—heaven forefend !—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing ?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, heaven  
 Have mercy on me !

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart !

*Des.* If you say so, I hope, you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum !—

*Des.* And yet I fear you ; for you're fatal then,  
 When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear, I know  
 not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They're loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,—

*Oth.* Peace, and be still !

*Des.* I will so :—What 's the matter ?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul ;  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury ; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception  
That I do groan withal :—Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me !

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too !—I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love : I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his  
hand.—

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone thy heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—  
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice :—  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He has confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord ?

*Oth.* That he hath—us'd thee.

*Des.* How ? unlawfully ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd ;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my  
face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, an you strive,—

*Des.* But half an hour,—

*Oth.* Being done,

There is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer,—

*Oth.* It is too late.—[*He smothers her.*]

[*EMILIA knocks at the door.*]

*Emil.* My lord! my lord!—What ho!—my lord!  
my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—not dead, not yet quite  
dead:—

I that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So,—so,—[*Stabs her with his dagger.*]

[*EMILIA knocks at the door.*]

*Emil.* What ho!—my lord! my lord!—

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* O, good my lord, I'd speak a word with  
you.

*Oth.* Yes;—'t is Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.

'T is like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha!—no more moving,

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't  
good?—

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife!—what wife?—I have no wife.—

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

[EMILIA knocks at the door.

*Emil.* I do beseech you, I may speak with you,  
O, good my lord!—

*Oth.* I had forgot thee:—O, come in, Emilia:—

[Unlocks the door.

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Vene-  
tian,  
Call'd—Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd?—

And Cassio kill'd?—

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of  
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, O, O,—

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!—

*Emil.* Out, and alas! it is my lady's voice:—  
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who has done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell:—  
Commend me to my kind lord:—O, farewell!

[She dies.

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so ; I must needs report a truth.

*Oth.* She 's like a liar, gone to burning hell ;  
'T was I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil !

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

*Oth.* Cassio did use her ; ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity : Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband !

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock ?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio.—

Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband !—

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman ?  
I say, thy husband ;—Dost understand the word ?—  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha ?—

*Emil.* Do thy worst :—  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best ;—

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm,  
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !  
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help, ho ! help !

The Moor has kill'd my mistress:—Murder! murder! —

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter?—

*Emil.* My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.—  
O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.  
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;  
I know, thou didst not; thou 'rt not such a villain;—  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—  
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress.—

What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;  
'T is proper I obey him, but not now:—  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home,

*Oth.* O! O! O!— [*Falling on the bed.*

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar;  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [*Rising.*

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd:

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain.

*Oth.* 'T is pitiful: but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio had the act of shame  
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
And she did gratify his amorous works

With the recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gavè her ; I saw it in his hand ;  
It was a handkerchief,—an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven ! O heavenly powers !  
That handkerchief, thou speak'st of,  
I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;  
For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen.—  
O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife ?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

[*OTHELLO makes a pass at IAGO, MONTANO  
disarms him,—IAGO, at the same time, stabs  
EMILIA, and runs out.*

*Mont.* Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :  
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,  
But kill him rather : I 'll after that same villain.

[*Exeunt MONTANO, and GRATIANO.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—  
But why should honour outlive honesty ?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* Moor, she was chaste : she lov'd thee, cruel  
Moor :  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;  
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

[*She dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;—  
O, here it is ;—Uncle, I must come forth.

[*GRATIANO without.*]

*Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak to me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

Behold ! I have a weapon :  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,  
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
 I've made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !  
 Who can controll his fate ? 't is not so now.—  
 Do you go back dismay'd ? 'T is a lost fear.  
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires :—Where should Othello go ?—  
 Now, how dost thou look now ?—O ill-starr'd wench !  
 Pale as thy smock !—when we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl ;  
 Even like thy chastity.—O cursed slave !—  
 Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !  
 Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire !—  
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?—O, O, O !—  
*[Falls down by her.*

*Enter* LODOVICO, CASSIO *brought in by* ANTONIO *and* JULIO, MONTANO, IAGO, *prisoner,* MARCO, *and* PAULO.

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello ;—Here I am.

*Lod.* Where is this viper ? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet ;—but that's a fable ;—

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

*[OTHELLO wounds IAGO, and MONTANO disarms him.*

*Iago.* I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;  
 For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou, Othello, that wast once so good,  
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,  
 What shall be said to thee ?

*Oth.* Why, any thing :



An honourable murderer, if you will ;  
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.—  
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing : What you know, you  
know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Oth.* Well, thou do'st best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
Which, as I think, you know not :—Here's a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;  
And here, another : the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo :—

*Oth.* O villain !

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in, and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff !—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's ?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber :

[*Takes it out of his pocket.*]

And he himself confess'd it even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool ! fool ! fool !

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast : And e'en but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us ;

Your power and your command is taken off,  
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
 If there be any cunning cruelty,  
 That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
 It shall be his: Away with him.

[*Exeunt* IAGO, PAULO, and MARCO.

You shall close prisoner rest,  
 Till that the nature of your fault be known  
 To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and they know 't;  
 No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak  
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme:  
 Of one, whose subdu'd eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum.—Set you down this:  
 And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him—thus!—

[*Stabs himself.*

O, Desdemona!—

[*Dies.*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no wea-  
 pon;  
 For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* Gratiano, keep the house,  
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor;  
 For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,  
 Remains the censure of that hellish villain;  
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!—  
 Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,  
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.









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